

Newport Mercury

VOLUME CXLV.—NO. 4.

NEWPORT, R. I., JULY 5, 1902.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,132.

The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

102 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1870, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with the exception of the *Providence Journal*, which was founded in 1822. It has a circulation of over 10,000 copies, and is published daily except on Sundays and holidays. It is owned and published by the Mercury Publishing Co., of which John P. Sanborn is president. The office is at 102 Thames street, Newport, R. I.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

MALIBON LODGE, No. 50, N. E. O. P., John P. Sanborn, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings in each month.
THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Richard Gardner, President; Thomas Field, Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Wednesday evenings in each month.
RENEWAL LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., David Blue, Chancellor; Commander, Robert A. Franklin; meets 2nd and 4th Friday evenings in each month.
NEWPORT O. O. F., No. 707, M. W. A., A. A. Page, Ven. Consul; Charles S. Packer, Clerk; meets 2nd and 4th Tuesday evenings in each month.
LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians, meets second and fourth Thursday in each month.

Local Matters.

Suicide at Asylum.

Thomas Stevens, an inmate of the city asylum, committed suicide by hanging in the loft of the stable on the asylum grounds shortly before 9 o'clock Thursday morning. He had been mentally deranged for some years and was formerly detained at the State Hospital for the Insane. He had been at the city asylum since last February and was kept under almost constant surveillance. Thursday morning he was left alone for a short time, not more than ten minutes, and when he was missed a search was instituted for him. His body was found hanging in the stable loft. The remains were cut down and the medical examiner was summoned. He pronounced an inquest unnecessary.

The deceased was the youngest son of the late Pardon W. and Abby C. Stevens and was born in this city in March, 1849. He was a lathe turner. He was never married. He is survived by two brothers and one sister—Mrs. Frances Kaul and Mr. David Stevens of this city and Mr. William T. Stevens of Fall River. The funeral will be from the Belmont Memorial Chapel on Saturday at 3:30 o'clock, Rev. Charles F. Beattie officiating.

Large Registration.

When the city clerk's office closed on June 30 the total number who registered to vote during the year 1902 was 1,571, being 197 larger than the number registered for the previous year. There was an unusual effort made by the leader of both parties as the final limit of time for registering approached and on the last day over 300 names were added to the list.

Not only in Newport was the registration large but in all the cities of the state an especial effort was made to get the voters registered. Providence registered 19,000, which is 1,500 larger than at the last presidential election. Pawtucket registered 5,067, Woonsocket, 2,501, Central Falls, 1,911, all being much larger than during the previous year. It is evident that a warm political fight is on for the fall.

The degree team of Emma Rebekah Lodge, No. 17, of this city, accompanied by some of the members visited Grace Lodge at Oakland Hall, Portsmouth, Tuesday evening, initiating several candidates for membership. The members left by special car, arriving at Portsmouth at 8 o'clock and reaching Newport on their return at 12:30. Ice cream, cake, etc., were served during the evening, and Emma Lodge was most hospitably entertained by Grace Lodge.

Mr. David Stevens has severed his connection with the People's Library after many years' service as librarian. His successor is Miss Grannis, a graduate of the Pratt Institute of Brooklyn. The library will be closed for a week or so to allow for arranging the shelves in the new addition.

Worse than Expected.

State Commission Finds that Liabilities of Merchants Bank Exceed \$300,000—This Amount does not Include Anthony Sherman's Personal Liabilities.

Liabilities \$300,542.50; assets \$10,449.07. Such is the condition of the defunct Merchants Bank of this city, according to the report of the special commission appointed by Governor Kimball to examine into the affairs of the bank after the suicide of its late cashier, Anthony S. Sherman. The report was made public in Providence on Tuesday. The amount of the liabilities is larger than the public expected, the amount on deposit in the bank being considerably more than was estimated. The item of almost \$50,000 due to banks, bankers and trust companies is also a large one, and it is believed that the New York institutions are the sufferers, as the local banks claim to be safe.

The state commission in their investigation have not touched the private affairs of Mr. Sherman, as their duties were concerned only with the condition of the bank. There was known to have been a large sum of money entrusted to him for investments, but just how much his personal liabilities would be is unknown.

The amount of assets of the bank, as found by the commission, is about what was anticipated, as it was believed that there could be little of value except the bank's property on Thames street which was unencumbered. The assessed value of this property is \$8,900 but it ought to be worth rather more than that. It will be noticed that the entire cash on hand amounted to only about \$93.

The figures of the commission were as follows:

RESOURCES.	
Notes and bills, discounted, estimated good	\$ 60 20
Real estate, taxed for	8,900 00
Due from banks and bankers	51 58
Checks uncollected	57 20
Cash on hand, viz:	
United States and fractional paper currency	7 75
Gold coins and pennies	57 15
Foreign gold and miscellaneous coins (as per bank memorandum)	28 15
Recent claims, forwarded for redemption to Washington, D. C.	13 20
Furniture and fixtures, estimated	200 00
Overdraft on book \$5,500; estimated loans	50 00
Highly receivable, pledged in excess of loans, estimated good	500 00
Total	\$10,449 07
LIABILITIES.	
Capital	\$100,000 00
Deposits subject to check	122,955 90
Due depositors, amounts deducted	24,700 00
Due depositors, amounts entered only on pass book	5,166 75
Due individuals, amounts collected on notes, checks and promissory	1,000 00
Due banks, bankers and trust companies	49,845 61
Certificates of deposit outstanding	12,671 26
Cashier's checks outstanding	50 00
Customer's checks outstanding	15,111 38
Dividends unpaid	0,143 00
Collection paid to bank and not returned for	20 57
Total	\$300,542 50

At the Old Colony yards, work has been begun on the repairs to the freight steamer "City of Brooklyn." This boat has been at the company's wharf for some time, but until recently little had been done toward repairs. New engines are to be substituted for what is left of the old ones after the accident of a few weeks ago.

A very interesting mock trial under the auspices of the Kenosis Club of the First M. E. Church was given in the Sunday school room Tuesday evening. The case for trial was that of State vs. Frederick Weir for larceny of a St. Bernard dog from James Hardy. Considerable dramatic ability was manifested by those who took part.

Word was received in this city of the serious illness of Mrs. Nathan King, widow of Captain Nathan King, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. John C. Hatzell. Her two sons, Messrs. William H. King and Edward S. King, left for New York as soon as the news reached them.

On Saturday evening of last week the children and grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen S. Wood called on them to celebrate the 32d anniversary of their marriage. A most enjoyable program was arranged for the occasion.

Sunday morning a horse attached to a bus tore down Cannon street and in crossing Thames street slipped and landed against the doors of Lee Yuen's laundry. The bus and harness were damaged but the horse escaped injury.

There has been filed at the city clerk's office the deed from the war department to Lucillard Spencer, confirming Mr. Spencer's title to the old fort on his estate.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish arrived here on Saturday of last week, on steam yacht Taurus and is guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lehr, at "Arleigh."

Mr. Benjamin S. Cottrell of Jamestown, who has been spending the winter in the west, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Ellen Cottrell.

Contractor R. W. Curry has just completed a handsome stable for Mr. Sidney Webster at his residence on Harrison avenue.

Mr. George W. Olney, secretary of the R. I. Society of the Cincinnati, is registered at the Casino.

Easton's Beach.

New Pavilions Open for the Fourth.

The new establishment at Easton's Beach opened in full swing for the first time on the Fourth of July, although part of the houses have been open since June 15th. Everything about the place is changed. A new dining hall and kitchen, a new merry-go-round, together with all the old buildings so fixed up and entirely renovated that they are practically new, all go to form what will surely be in the future one of Newport's chief attractions. It has been said at various times that the work was coming on slowly, due to various delays. Although there have been many vexatious delays, so that it seemed at first as if the progress was slow, owing to the ability and energy both of Mr. Payne, the manager, and of the contracting carpenters, the whole place is now far enough completed so that all parts can be used. Work will be continued on the bath houses at the lower end, and a little work remains to be done in various places along the pavilions.

The buildings, as they now stand, are divided into two parts. The bath houses at the upper end are of a little better construction, and with these new suits and towels will be used, while a little higher price will be charged than at the lower end. All the private houses let by the season are at this end, and as there are no dining rooms, merry-go-rounds, or anything of that nature, it is expected that the patrons of this part will be those who go to the beach purely for the pleasure of bathing. The new houses at the extreme upper end are very large, and many have closets. These are to be let by the season only and are really very attractive. A new ladies' dressing room has been put up in the main pavilion, and everything possible is done for the comfort of the people.

At the lower end nearly everything except the bath houses is new. A large new dining room, with a number of small, private dining rooms, and a well equipped kitchen form the upper end of this part of the beach. At the corner of this building is placed one of the two little pagodas familiar to all acquainted with the beach in the past. In this convenient and attractive place is the soda fountain, while just to the rear and set back next to the road is the new merry-go-round. Just below the dining rooms is the office building and next to this are the bath houses. There are a large number of these already, and more will be built as soon as the carpenters finish their work on the other buildings. Connecting the upper and lower parts of the beach is a plank walk running over the grass near the road.

The manager for the company is Mr. Fred M. Payne, a well known resident of Newport. The contractor for the lower end is Hodgson, a well known builder of this city. It is announced that the manager of the restaurant is to be Mr. Adelbert Negus, who has for some years managed the restaurant at Island Park.

The Channing Memorial Church on Tuesday evening held a meeting at which it was unanimously voted to extend a call to Rev. Augustus P. Record of Cambridge, Mass. Messrs. Charles T. Hopkins and William W. Covell were appointed a committee to communicate with Mr. Record. Mr. Record is a graduate of Brown University and of the Harvard Theological school. He is now pastor of the Third Congregational (Unitarian) church of Cambridge. He is about 30 years of age.

News has been received in this city of the death of Mr. Andrew T. Gallagher, in South Bethlehem, Pa., of typhoid fever. A widow and one child survives him. Mr. Gallagher was well known in this city, being formerly one of the pitchers of the Newport base ball team.

Mrs. Frederic Bronson was recently run into by a colored bicyclist, while riding her wheel on Bellevue avenue and was badly bruised and shaken up.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Clark celebrated the 90th anniversary of his birth on Friday. He was surrounded by his family and a few of his most intimate friends.

Admiral and Mrs. Dewey will spend the month of August in Newport, guests of Mr. and Mrs. John R. McLean, at "Stone Villa."

Mr. David Braman has returned from Ogatz, Penn., where he has been guest of his daughter, Mrs. Robert N. Fell.

Messrs. Alexander Steel, J. G. Albro and Albert Crosby have been engaged as gate keepers at the beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Armbrust, of Jamestown, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Bishop McVicker has purchased the John Cushing place, at Beverly, Mass., for a summer residence.

Misses Ella and Gertrude Morrison, of New York, are guests of Mrs. C. J. Cooper, on Mill street.

Fourth of July.

Programme as Made up for the Observances on Friday—Large Street Parade in the Morning—Sports, Races, Fireworks, Band Concerts.

As Newport no longer has "Lecture Day," that time of all the year about which happy memories used to cling, she turns all the energy which has been gathered through the long winter to suitably celebrating the nation's birthday. The observance this year is fully in keeping with those of the years previous. Base ball, street parade, and boat and bicycle races form the chief events of the day, while in the evening band concerts and magnificent displays of fireworks hold the attention of the crowds.

The programme for the day is as follows:

6:30—Salute of guns. Bells for half an hour.
9:30—Base ball in fifth ward.
10:00—Street parade, Col. John H. Wetherell, chief marshal.
11:30—Cutter race for Garrettsville prize.
12:00—Base ball at Point.
2:00—Cut boat race under Newport Yacht club.
2:30—Bicycle race around Ocean Drive.
3 to 10—Band concerts. Fireworks at Fort Greene and Morton Park.

The street parade was made up as follows:

Police skirmishers, Mounted.
Platoon of Police.
Assistant Adjutant General John H. Wetherell, Chief Marshal; Lieut. F. P. King, Adjutant and Chief of Staff.
Staff: Lieut. S. H. Hazard, William O. Milne, G. A. R.
Seventh Artillery Band.
United States Artillery Battalion, Major John P. Wither, commanding, 2d Lieut. Allen LeFort, Adjutant.
1st Company, Capt. F. G. Macmillan.
2d Company, Capt. H. G. Bishop.
3rd Company, 1st Lieut. H. C. Merriam.
4th Company, 1st Lieut. H. H. Sleen.
5th Company, Lieut. Col. E. F. Ralston.
6th Company, 2d Lieut. F. W. Ralston.
7th Company, 2d Lieut. A. L. Fuller.
8th Company, Lieut. L. C. Crawford.
Training Station Brigade, Lieut. Housen, commanding.
Training Station Band.
Four Companies of Infantry and four Companies of Artillery.
Hospital corps, Pioneer corps.
Newport Band and Drum Corps.
Newport Artillery Company, Col. J. D. Richardson, commanding; Capt. F. S. Patterson, Adjutant.
Staff: Surgeon G. F. Barker, Asst. Surgeon C. M. Cole, Paymaster Geo. W. Tiley, Q. M. S. D. Harvey, Chaplain E. H. Porter.
Company A, Lieut. Col. E. F. Cooper.
Company B, Major G. S. Flagg.
Non-Commissioned Staff.
Carriages containing Grand Army Veterans, City Council and Guests.

The line was formed at 9:30 on Broadway with its right resting on Farewell street. Promptly at 10 it moved through Farewell to Thames, Thames to Dearborn, Dearborn and Perry to Bellevue avenue, Bellevue avenue and Kay street to Rhode Island avenue, Rhode Island avenue to Broadway, Broadway to Bliss Road, countermarch to State House where the line was dismissed.

At 11:30 the cutter race was rowed for the \$100 purse offered by Mr. F. P. Garrettsville, with Mr. Frank M. Wheeler in charge. The race was over the following course:

From an imaginary line in front of the Maitland estate and in front of the Training Station wharf, and return to starting point. Each boat carried twelve oarsmen and a coxswain in naval regulation cutters, ash or spoon oars.

The Judges were: Mayor P. J. Boyle, F. P. Garrettsville, Dalton E. Young, Penbrooke Jones, E. J. Berwind, and William Shepley; Referee, Commander F. F. Fletcher, U. S. N.; Timekeepers and Starters, John G. Costello, G. R. Plumer.

The cat boat races at 2 were under management of the Newport Yacht Club and governed by the Club rules. The judges' boat was just inside the torpedo station, opposite the flag pole. Classes were as follows: 1st, all boats over 2ft; 2nd, boats 19 or over and under 22; 3rd, boats 16 or over and under 19; 4th, boats under 13. The start was by one gun. Judges were John G. Costello, George R. Plumer and J. Allen Boone.

At 2:30 the bicycle race started in front of the Ocean House for the 10 mile course around the Ocean Drive with the finish at the Ocean House. The race was a handicap with gold and silver medals for prizes.

In the evening band concerts were held at three places, the Military Band at Touro Park, the Newport Band at Morton Park, and the Training Station Band at Fort Greene. At the same time fireworks were displayed at Morton Park and Fort Greene; those at Morton Park being furnished by the Payne Fireworks Co., and those at Fort Greene by A. C. Landers & Co.

The committee in charge of the festivities of the day were: Alderman James H. Comstock, chairman; Alderman John E. Leddy, Counselman Geo. W. Ritchie, William F. Tripp and Michael F. Kelley.

Mr. Joseph Fogarty, of New Rochelle, N. Y., in the employ of Howard & Co., jeweler, is spending his vacation with Mrs. Fogarty in Newport, guests of Judge and Mrs. James G. Topham.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Bacheller have returned from their wedding trip.

The first Boston excursion to Newport took place July 4th.

Mr. Thomas Crosby, Jr., of Brown University sailed for Europe this week.

School Committee.

Election of Teachers for Coming Year.

The City Council having voted the annual appropriation for schools last Tuesday night, the School Committee held a special meeting Wednesday night to elect the teachers for the coming year.

The committee on buildings was authorized to make repairs at a cost not to exceed \$5000.

The coal contract and annual report were referred to the finance committee with power to act.

The text-books and supply were referred to the text-book committee with power to act.

The board received the annual reports and ordered them printed.

The following teachers were elected for 1902-1903, after which the committee adjourned until the regular meeting in September.

GRADE.	TEACHERS.	
Frank E. Thompson	\$ 2000	
John R. Leslie	2000	
Edward E. Stevens	1500	
John W. Voigt-Smidt	1200	
John H. Franklin	1200	
Kate L. Clarke	1200	
Mary F. Leavitt	1000	
Helen E. Lewis	1000	
Marion O. Stanshope, Clerk	500	
TOWNSEND INDUSTRIAL.		
George H. Bryant	2500	
E. Benjamin May	1200	
George Russell	1200	
Lacy P. Brockett	800	
Elizabeth P. Howarth	670	
Harriet M. Sney	670	
Alfred H. C. Gatzemeyer	1000	
Mary O. Buckley	670	
Sarah H. Manuel	400	
CALLENDER.		
Maude B. Lawton	480	
Harriet A. Saunders	520	
E. Elizabeth G. Champlin	450	
Mary S. Clark	500	
CLAYTON.		
Elizabeth H. Hammett	1000	
Annie E. Curwell	800	
Margaret B. Simmons	400	
Elizabeth A. Taylor	400	
Anna E. Barker	400	
Barbara C. Taylor	400	
Elizabeth H. Sterne	630	
Practice School, Eleanor J. Free	820	
Practice School, teacher	600	
Julia T. Dowling	600	
Lillian E. Pearson	400	
Elizabeth A. Carey	300	
ELIZABETH H. MURPHY.		
Elizabeth H. Murphy	800	
Elizabeth G. Kernan	800	
Elizabeth G. Ness	500	
Suzanne S. Pratt	400	
Kathleen E. Pratt	400	
Elizabeth S. Ward	400	
Harriet S. Downing	500	
Mary E. Stewart	400	
Elizabeth S. Cozzens	400	
Elizabeth S. Cozzens	400	
COCKSHALL.		
Elizabeth T. Mackie	820	
Edna C. Chase	500	
Julia F. Pittman	500	
Practice School, Sarah E. Fales	700	
Practice School, critic teacher	700	
Mary E. Merrill	700	
Maude L. White	700	
Hattie S. Pyles	400	
Katherine P. Manchester	400	
CRANSTON.		
Alfred W. Chase	1000	
Annie L. Agnew	600	
Nellie H. Peckham	600	
Mary S. Brownell	600	
Frances W. Aysworth	400	
Annie J. Driscoll	400	
EDWARD-FARWELL.		
Louise Van Horne	400	
Harriet J. Goff	400	
Elizabeth C. Murphy	400	
Lillian C. Tew	400	
LENTHAL.		
Henry W. Clarke	1200	
Martha J. Gale	500	
Grace H. Drizler	400	
Cecilia W. Feney	400	
Mary M. Nye	400	
St. Joseph's Parochial	500	
Janet M. G. Hinchman	200	
Martha E. Curran	200	
Amelia M. Greene	200	
PARISH.		
Alfred C. Fadden	500	
POTTER.		
Henry Alger	1000	
Mary S. Tiley	670	
Hazel M. Fitch	600	
Margaret C. Wilcox	500	
SPECIAL TEACHERS.		
Harriet H. Hilditch, Drawing	1000	
Lorraine E. French, Drawing	300	
Millian L. Stinester, Music	1000	
Carrie L. Worthen, Physical Culture	750	
Josephine S. Perry, Substitute	400	

The first annual reception and banquet of the Hazard High school was held Tuesday evening for the graduates of 1902. The banquet was served at McGowan's cafe and besides the graduates there were present Rev. Father Deady and Dr. Doran. An informal reception was later held in the school hall, with dancing and refreshments.

The funeral of Anthony Stewart Sherman took place from his late residence on Kay street on Sunday morning last and was attended by only immediate relatives. Rev. Edward J. Denman, assistant rector of Trinity Church, officiated. There were no bearers. The interment was in the Island cemetery.

John Downs, an engineer, committed suicide some time between Friday night and Sunday morning at his room in the Steamboat House. Medical Examiner Stewart was summoned and gave permission for the removal of the body for burial. He fired a bullet from a small revolver, placing the muzzle in his mouth.

Mr. George H. Bryant, principal of the Townsend Industrial school, sails next Tuesday on the steamship "Saxonia" for a trip through Europe. He goes with a party under the management of Mrs. Frazar of Boston. The route includes England, France, Switzerland, Germany and Holland and lasts for fifty-four days.

Miss Susan Clarke Arnold, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Arnold, of this city, was married in St. George's church, Flushing, Long Island, on Monday, to Mr. Frank Chauncey Whitteley, of Schenectady, N. Y.

On July 15 the members of the Lawton Post Relief Corps will receive an official visit from the department officers.

Miss Kate L. Clarke is at Palmer, Mass., having gone there to attend the wedding of Miss Ada G. Wing and Professor Menck, of Brown University.

Ex-Police Officer Alexander Steele completed twenty-two years of service at Easton's Beach on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. McLean have arrived at "Stone Villa," Bellevue avenue, for the season.

Mrs. A. C. Titus has taken a house at North Haverhill, N. H., for the summer.

Recent Deaths.

Albert C. White.

Mr. Albert C. White, of Providence, general manager of the Providence Telephone Company, died in Providence on Friday of last week after a considerable illness. He was a native of Fall River where he was born in 1841. In his early years he was sent to Newport by the Western Union Telegraph Company as an operator and was later transferred to Providence. He abandoned telegraphy some twenty years ago to enter the employ of the Providence Telephone Company, as assistant superintendent and became a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., and also a member of the Lawrence Club of this city.

Louis Alman.

Mr. Louis Alman, the well known photographer on Bellevue avenue, died at Turin, Italy, on Monday, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, from pleurisy. He was a native of Turin, serving in the Italian war. In 1859 he came to this country and was a pioneer in art photography. Twenty years ago he opened a branch studio for the summer months on Bellevue avenue. He made many friends here and was a kind and very congenial man. He retired a few years since and devoted his time traveling through Europe.

Mrs. Esther Seabury.

Mrs. Esther Seabury died at her home in Tiverton on Saturday of last week. She was the oldest resident of the town of Tiverton and her illness, which was of long duration, was from failing health and strength. She was the daughter of William and Lydia Palmer Gifford and was born in Adamsville July 27, 1808. Her early life was spent in Westport. She was first married to Mr. Samuel Cook, of Tiverton, removing to that place. Mr. Cook died in 1856 and some years later Mrs. Cook was married to Mr. Robert Seabury, he dying in 1872. A son survives her: Mr. John T. Cook, a well known citizen of Tiverton.

The funeral was solemnized Monday afternoon at the residence of her son, Mr. John T. Cook, Rev. Charles O. Parker, of the Congregational Church, officiating. The attendance was very large and the casket was completely surrounded with beautiful floral tributes. The interment was in the family lot in the Old Presbyterian cemetery on the East road. The pall bearers were her four grandsons: Messrs. Albert C. and Herbert B. Cook, Eugene Shurtleff and Charles Mahoney.

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Black Rock

By RALPH CONNOR

CHAPTER X. CONTINUED.

A round Craig and told him the difficulty. With his usual promptness he was ready with a solution.

"Nixon has a team. He will go." Then he added: "I wonder if they would not like me to baptize his little one. Father Goulet and I have exchanged offices before now. I remember how he came to one of my people in his absence, when she was dying, read with her, prayed with her, comforted her and helped her across the river. He is a good soul and had no nonsense about him. Send for me if you think there is need. It will make no difference to the baby, but it will comfort the mother."

Nixon was willing enough to go, but when he came to the door Mrs. Mavor saw the hard look in his face. He had not forgotten his wrong, for day by day he was still fighting the devil within that Slavin had called to life. But Mrs. Mavor, under cover of getting him instructions, drew him into the room. While listening to her his eyes wandered from one to the other of the group till they rested upon the little white face in the crib. She noticed the change in his face.

"They fear the little one will never see the Saviour if it is not baptized," she said in a low tone.

He was eager to go.

"I'll do my best to get the priest," he said and was gone on his sixty mile race with death.

The long afternoon wore on, but before it was half gone I saw Nixon could not win and that the priest would be too late, so I sent for Mr. Craig. From the moment he entered the room he took command of us all. He was so simple, so manly, so tender, the hearts of the parents instinctively turned to him.

As he was about to proceed with the baptism the mother whispered to Mrs. Mavor, who hesitatingly asked Mr. Craig if he would object to using holy water.

"To me it is the same as any other," he replied gravely.

"An' will he make the good sign?" asked the mother timidly.

And so the child was baptized with the Presbyterian minister with holy water and with the sign of the cross. I don't suppose it was orthodox, and it rendered chaotic some of my religious notions, but I thought more of Craig that moment than ever before. He was more than a minister, or perhaps he was so good a minister that day because so much a man. As he read about the Saviour and the children and the disciples who tried to get in between them, and as he told us the story in his own simple and beautiful way and then went on to picture the home of the little children and the same Saviour in the midst of them, I felt my heart grow warm, and I could easily understand the cry of the mother:

"Oh, mon Jesus, prenes moi auset, take me wis mon niggon!"

The cry awakened Slavin's heart, and he said huskily:

"Oh, Annette, Annette!"

"Ah, out, an' Michael too!" Then to Mr. Craig: "You tink he's tak me some day? Eh?"

"All who love him," he replied.

"An' Michael, too?" she asked, her eyes searching his face. "An' Michael too?"

But Craig only replied, "All who love him."

"Ah, Michael, you most pray le bon Jesus! He's garde notre niggon." And then she bent over the babe, whispering, "Ah, mon cheri, mon amour, adieu, adieu, mon ange!" till Slavin put his arms about her and took her away, for as she was whispering her farewells her baby, with a little answering sigh, passed into the house with many rooms.

"Whist, Annette, darling, don't cry for the baby," said her husband. "Sure it's better off than the rest of us it is. And didn't you hear what the minister said about the beautiful place it is? And sure he wouldn't lie to us at all."

But a mother cannot be comforted for her firstborn son.

An hour later Nixon brought Father Goulet. He was a little Frenchman with gentle manners and the face of a saint. Craig welcomed him warmly and told him what he had done.

"That is good, my brother," he said, with gentle courtesy, and, turning to the mother, "Your little one is safe."

Behind Father Goulet came Nixon softly and gazed down upon the little white face, beautiful with the magic of death. Slavin came quietly and stood beside him. Nixon turned and offered his hand, but Slavin, moving slowly back, said:

"I did you a wrong, Nixon, and it's a sorry man I am this day for it."

"Don't say a word, Slavin," answered Nixon hurriedly. "I know how you feel. I've got a baby too. I want to see it again. That's why the break hurt me so."

"As God's above," replied Slavin earnestly, "I'll hinder you no more."

They shook hands, and we passed out.

We laid the baby under the pines, not far from Billy Dreen, and the sweet spring wind blew through the gap and came softly down the valley, whispering to the pines and the grass and the bidding flowers of the new life coming to the world. And the mother must have heard the whisper in her heart, for as the priest was saying the words of the service she stood with Mrs. Mavor's arms about her, and her eyes were looking far away beyond the purple mountain tops, seeing what made her smile. And Slavin, too, looked different. His very features seemed finer. The coarseness was gone out of his face. What had come to him I could not tell.

But when the doctor came into Slavin's house that night it was the old Slavin I saw, but with a look of such deadly fury on his face that I tried to

set the doctor out at once. But he was half drunk, and his manner was hideously humorous.

"How do, ladies? How do, gentlemen?" was his loud voiced salutation. "Quite a professional gathering, clergy predominating. Lion and lamb too! Ha, ha! Which is the lamb, eh? Ha, ha! Very good! Awfully sorry to hear of your loss, Mrs. Slavin. Did you best, you know; can't help this sort of thing."

Before any one could move Craig was at his side and, saying in a clear, firm voice, "One moment, doctor," caught him by the arm and had him out of the room before he knew it.

Slavin, who had been crouching in his chair, with hands twitching and eyes glaring, rose and followed, still crouching as he walked.

I hurried after him, calling him back. Turning at my voice, the doctor saw Slavin approaching. There was something so terrifying in his swift, motionless, crouching motion that the doctor, crying out in fear, "Keep him off!" fairly turned and fled.

He was too late. Like a tiger Slavin leaped upon him and without waiting to strike had him by the throat with both hands and, bearing him to the ground, worried him there as a dog might a cat.

Immediately Craig and I were upon him; but, though we lifted him clear off the ground, we could not loosen that two handed strangling grip. As we were struggling there a light hand touched my shoulder. It was Father Goulet.

"Please let him go and stand away from us," he said, waving us back. We obeyed.

He leaned over Slavin and spoke a few words to him.

Slavin started as if struck a heavy blow, looked up at the priest with fear in his face, but still keeping his grip.

"Let him go," said the priest.

Slavin hesitated.

"Let him go. Quick!" said the priest again, and Slavin, with a snarl, let go his hold and stood sullenly facing the priest.

Father Goulet regarded him steadily for some seconds and then asked:

"What would you do?"

His voice was gentle enough, even sweet, but there was something in it that chilled my marrow.

"What would you do?" he repeated.

"He murdered my child," growled Slavin.

"Ah! How?"

"He was drunk and poisoned him."

"Ah! Who gave him drink? Who made him a drunkard two years ago? Who has wrecked his life?"

There was no answer, and the even toned voice went relentlessly on:

"Who is the murderer of your child now?"

Slavin groaned and shuddered.

"Go!" And the voice grew stern.

"Repeat of your sin and add not another."

Slavin turned his eyes upon the motionless figure on the ground and then upon the priest.

Father Goulet took one step toward him and, stretching out his hand and pointing with his finger, said:

"Go!"

And Slavin slowly backed away and went into his house. It was an extraordinary scene, and it is often with me now—the dark figure on the ground, the slight, erect form of the priest with outstretched arm and finger, and Slavin backing away, fear and fury struggling in his face.

It was a near thing for the doctor, however, and two minutes more of that grip would have done for him. As it was, we had the greatest difficulty in reviving him.

What the priest did with Slavin after getting him inside I know not—that has always been a mystery to me—but when we were passing the saloon that night after taking Mrs. Mavor home we saw a light and heard strange sounds within. Entering, we found another whisky raid in progress. Slavin himself being the raider. We stood some moments watching him knocking in the heads of casks and emptying bottles. I thought he had gone mad and approached him cautiously.

"Hello, Slavin!" I called out. "What does this mean?"

He paused in his strange work, and I saw that his face, though resolute, was quiet enough.

"It means I'm done with the business, I am," he said in a determined voice. "I'll help no more to kill any man, or, in a lower tone, 'any man's baby.'"

The priest's words had struck home. "Thank God, Slavin!" said Craig, offering his hand. "You are much too good a man for the business."

"Good or bad, I'm done with it," he replied, going on with his work.

"You are throwing away good money, Slavin," I said as the head of a cask crashed in.

"It's myself that knows it, for the price of whisky has gone up in town this week," he answered, giving me a look out of the corner of his eye. "Bedad, it was a rare clever job," referring to our Black Rock hotel affair.

"But won't you be sorry for this?" asked Craig.

"Belike I will, and that's why I'm doing it before I'm sorry for it," he replied, with a delightful snarl.

"Look here, Slavin," said Craig earnestly, "if I can be of use to you in any way, count on me."

"It's good to me the both of you have been, and I'll not forget it to you," he replied, with like earnestness. As we told Mrs. Mavor that night, for Craig thought it too good to keep, her eyes seemed to grow deeper and the light in them to glow more intense as she listened to Craig pouring out his tale. Then she gave him her hand and said:

"You have your man at last."

"What man?"

"The man you have been waiting for."

"Slavin?"

"Why not?"

"I never thought of it."

"No more did he or any of us." Then, after a pause, she added gently, "He has been sent to us."

"Do you know, I believe you are right," Craig said slowly and then added, "But you always are."

"I fear not," she answered, but I thought she liked to hear his words.

The whole town was astounded next morning when Slavin went to work in

the mines, and his astonishment only deepened as the days went on and he stuck to his work. Before three weeks had gone the lawyer had bought and remodelled the saloon and had secured Slavin as resident manager.

The evening of the reopening of Slavin's saloon, as it was still called, was long remembered in Black Rock. It was the occasion of the first appearance of the League Minstrel and Dramatic troupe in what was described as a "dark lifting tragedy, with appropriate musical selections." Then there was a grand supper, with speeches and great enthusiasm, which reached its climax when Nixon rose to propose the toast of the evening, "Our saloon." His speech was simply a quiet, manly account of his long struggle with the deadly enemy. When he came to speak of his recent defeat, he said:

"And, while I am lauding no one but myself, I am glad tonight this saloon is on our side, for my own sake and for the sake of those who have been waiting long to see me. But before I sit down I want to say that while I live I shall not forget that I owe my life to the man that took me to his own bed and met me next morning with an open hand, for I tell you I had sworn to God that morning I would be his last."

Geordie's speech was characteristic. After a brief reference to the "mysterious ways of Providence," which he acknowledged he might sometimes fail to understand, he went on to express his unqualified approval of the new saloon.

"It's a cozy place, an' there's me sulphur about! Besides a' that," he went on enthusiastically, "it'll be a terrible sayin'. I've just been countin'."

"You tell!" ejaculated a voice, with great emphasis.

"I've just been countin'," went on Geordie, ignoring the remark and the laugh which followed, "an' it's an awful like money ye get ower w' the whisky. Ye see ye cannae dae w' a bit glass. Ye maun ha' two or three at the terra least, for it's no verra forrit ye get w' aue glass. But w' ye coffee ye jist get a saxeppen worth an' ye want aae mair."

There was another about of laughter, which puzzled Geordie much.

"I dinna see the joke, but I've slipped ower in whisky mair nor a hauner dollars."

Then he paused, looking hard before him and twisting his face into extraordinary shapes till the men looked at him in wonder.

"I'm real glad of this saloon, but it's ower late for the lad that cannae be helped the noo. He'll not be needin' help o' oors, I doot, but there are others." And he stopped abruptly and sat down, with no applause following.

But when Slavin, our saloon keeper, rose to reply the men jumped up on the seats and yelled till they could yell no more. Slavin stood, evidently in trouble with himself, and finally broke out:

"It's speechless I am entirely. What's come to me I know not nor how it's come, but I'll do my best for you."

And then the yelling broke out again. I did not yell myself. I was too busy watching the varying lights in Mrs. Mavor's eyes as she looked from Craig to the yelling men on the benches and tables and then to Slavin, and I found myself wondering if she knew what it was that came to Slavin.

CHAPTER XI

THE TWO CALLS.

WITH the call to Mr. Craig I fancy I had something to do myself. The call came from a young congregation in an eastern city and was based partly upon his college record and more upon the advice of those among the authorities who knew his work in the mountains. But I flatter myself that my letters to friends who were of importance in that congregation were not without influence, for I was of the mind that the man who could handle Black Rock miners as he could was ready for something larger than a mountain mission. That he would refuse I had not imagined, though I ought to have known him better. He was but little troubled over it. He went with the call and the letters urging his acceptance to Mrs. Mavor. I was putting the last touches to some of my work in the room at the back of Mrs. Mavor's house when he came in. She read the letters and the call quietly and waited for him to speak.

"Well," he said, "should I go?"

She started and grew a little pale. His question suggested a possibility that had not occurred to her. That he could leave his work in Black Rock she had hitherto never imagined, but there was other work, and he was fit for good work anywhere. Why should he not go? I saw the fear in her face, but I saw more than fear in her eyes as she looked at him. I read her story, and I was not sorry for either of them. But she was too much a woman to show her heart easily to the man she loved, and her voice was even and calm as she answered his question.

"Is this a very large congregation?"

"One of the finest in all the east," I put in for him. "It will be a great thing for Craig."

Craig was studying her curiously. I think she noticed his eyes upon her, for she went on even more quietly:

"It will be a great chance for work, and you are able for a larger sphere, you know, than poor Black Rock affords."

"Who will take Black Rock?" he asked.

"Let some other fellow have a try at it," I said. "Why should you waste your talents here?"

"Waste!" cried Mrs. Mavor indignantly.

"Well, 'bury' if you like it better," I replied.

"It would not take much of a grave for that funeral," said Craig, smiling.

"Oh," said Mrs. Mavor, "you will be a great man, I know, and perhaps you ought to go now."

But he answered coolly: "There are fifty men wanting that eastern charge, and there is only one wanting Black Rock, and I don't think Black Rock is anxious for a change, so I have determined to stay where I am yet awhile."

Even my deep disgust and disappoint-

ment did not prevent me from looking the sudden leap of joy in Mrs. Mavor's eyes, but she, with a great effort, answered quietly:

"Black Rock will be very glad and some of us very, very glad."

Nothing could change his mind. There was no one he knew who could take his place just now, and why should he quit his work? It annoyed me considerably to feel he was right. Why is it that the right things are so frequently unpleasant?

And if I had had any doubt about the matter next Sabbath evening would have removed it, for the men came about him after the service and let him feel in their own way how much they approved his decision, though the self sacrifice involved did not appeal to them. They were too truly western to imagine that any inducements the east could offer could compensate for his loss of the west. It was only fitting that the west should have the best, and so the miners took slouch as a matter of course and certainly as their right that the best man they knew should stay with them. But there were those who knew how much of what most men consider worth while he had given up, and they loved him no less for it.

Mrs. Mavor's call was not so easily disposed of. It came close upon the other and stirred Black Rock as nothing else had ever stirred it before.

I found her one afternoon gazing vacantly at some legal documents spread out before her on the table and evidently overcome by their contents. There was that a lawyer's letter informing her that by the death of her husband's father she had come into the whole of the Mavor estates and all the wealth pertaining thereto. The letter asked for instructions and urged an immediate return with a view to a personal superintendence of the estates. A letter, too, from a distant cousin of her husband urged her immediate return for many reasons, but chiefly on account of the old mother, who had been left alone, with none nearer of kin than himself to care for her and cheer her old age.

With these two came another letter from her mother-in-law herself. The crabbled, trembling characters were even more eloquent than the words with which the letter closed:

"I have lost my boy, and now my husband is gone, and I am a lonely woman. I have many servants and some friends, but none near to me, none so near and dear as my dead son's wife. My days are not to be many. Come to me, my daughter. I want you and Lewis' child."

"Must I go?" she asked, with white lips.

"Do you know her well?" I asked.

"I saw her only once or twice," she answered, "but she has been very good to me."

"She can hardly need you. She has friends. And surely you are needed here."

She looked at me eagerly.

"Do you think so?" she said.

"Ask any man in the camp—Shaw, Nixon, young Winton, Geordie. Ask Craig," I replied.

"Yes, he will tell me," she said.

Even as she spoke Craig came up the steps. I passed into my studio and went on with my work, for my days at Black Rock were getting few, and many sketches remained to be filled in.

Through my open door I saw Mrs. Mavor lay her letters before Mr. Craig, saying, "I have a call too." They thought not of me.

He went through the papers, carefully laying them down without a word while she waited anxiously, almost impatiently, for him to speak.

"Well," she asked, using his own words to her, "should I go?"

"I do not know," he replied. "That is for you to decide. You know all the circumstances."

"The letters tell all."

Her tone carried a feeling of disappointment. He did not appear to care. "The estates are large?" he asked.

"Yes, large enough—twelve thousand a year."

"And has your mother-in-law any one with her?"

"She has friends, but, as she says, none near of kin. Her nephew looks after the works—iron works, you know. He has shares in them."

"She is evidently very lonely," he answered gravely.

"What shall I do?" she asked, and I knew she was waiting to hear him urge her to stay, but he did not see or at least gave no heed.

"I cannot say," he repeated quietly. "There are many things to consider. The estates—"

"The estates seem to trouble you," she replied almost fretfully.

He looked up in surprise. I wondered at his slowness.

"Yes, the estates," he went on, "and tenants, I suppose; your mother-in-law, your little Marjorie's future, your own future."

"The estates are in capable hands, I should suppose," she urged, "and my future depends upon what I choose my work to be."

"But one cannot shift one's responsibilities," he replied gravely. "These estates, these tenants, have come to you, and with them come duties."

"I do not want them," she cried.

"That life has great possibilities of good," he said kindly.

"I had thought that perhaps there was work for me here," she suggested timidly.

"Great work," he hastened to say. "You have done great work, but you will do that wherever you go. The only question is where your work lies."

"You think I should go," she said suddenly and a little bitterly.

"I cannot bid you stay," he answered steadily.

"How can I go?" she cried, appealing to him. "Must I go?"

How he could resist that appeal I could not understand. His face was cold and hard and his voice was almost harsh as he replied:

"If it is right, you will go, you must go."

Then she burst forth:

"I cannot go. I shall stay here. My work is here. My heart is here. How can I go? You thought it worth your while to stay here and work. Why should not I?"

The momentary gleam in his eyes

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

AMNESTY TERMS

gathered in two days.

EDWARD PLEASED

At the Expressions of Loyalty
From Indian Troops

HEARD MUSIC AND CHEERS

As He Lay in Bed in Palace—Queen
Alexandra Witnessed the Review
Grand Prince of Wales Represented His
Father in an Official Capacity

London, July 3.—King Edward has passed another good day. The quiet and routine of the royal sick-room was varied yesterday by the excitement of listening to the music and cheers of the Indian troops as they marched past the palace and greeted Queen Alexandra on the balcony.

King Edward demanded a full account of the review and the formal report made by the Prince of Wales supplemented by the personal narrative of the queen. The king dictated a letter to the Duke of Connaught commanding him to compliment the colonial troops upon their excellent appearance and to thank them for their expressions of loyalty and sympathy which he had heard with pleasure in his sick-room.

King Edward was somewhat disappointed that he was not able to see the march past of the troops. He had hoped that this would be possible from an invalid couch in a window of the palace, but the king's doctors were unwilling that their patient should risk this exposure and excitement, and his majesty had to content himself with hearing the troops without seeing them.

The review of the East Indian troops was largely a repetition of Wednesday's function, but the varied coloring of the uniforms of the representative corps from all parts of the Hindustan formed an altogether most picturesque spectacle. Queen Alexandra was again the central figure of the proceedings, and the public welcomed the opportunity to testify once more its sympathy with her on account of her recent anxiety, and its congratulations on the continued good news regarding King Edward's condition.

The review procedure of Wednesday was followed. About 1500 dark-skinned troops, headed by a detachment of the bodyguard of the viceroy of India, reached the Horse Guards' parade to the strains of Sousa's "Hands Across the Sea." Members of the royal family traversed the lines of the soldiers of the Indian empire; the Prince of Wales, representing the king, standing by the side of his mother's carriage, took the salute, and the proceedings ended with cheers for the king, led by the Duke of Connaught, the Indians drawing their swords and waving them wildly as they joined in the cheering.

At a late hour last night the king's improvement continued. It was announced that he had partaken of a fairly good dinner and smoked a cigar. The Prince and Princess of Wales gave a brilliant dinner party at York house last night in honor of the visiting Indian princes.

Damages For Breach of Promise

Providence, June 28.—After fighting through the Rhode Island courts to the very last ditch, the breach of promise suit of Trass V. Mainz against Benedict B. Lederer has been settled by the payment of \$12,500, the amount of a former verdict. In addition to the amount of the verdict, the payment included nearly \$2000 interest. Miss Mainz maintained that Mr. Lederer had failed to keep his promise of marriage.

Went Clement For Governor

Rutland, Vt., June 30.—A mass meeting of citizens of Rutland was held Saturday night to discuss the political situation and the outcome of the Republican campaign for governor. As a result a number of papers were put in circulation, asking Mr. Clement to allow the use of his name as a candidate for governor on an independent ticket.

Bad Month For Vegetation

Boston, June 30.—The weather bureau points out that the month of June has been the coldest for many years, and as a result the growth of vegetation has been put back considerably. The corn this year has especially been put back for a lack of sunshine. The weather this year has, until the past month, been warmer than usual.

Probably Fatal Shooting

Manchester, N. H., July 2.—William Lange, aged 17 years, was shot in the abdomen yesterday by John Bach, and probably fatally injured. The shooting was accidental and no blame is attached to Bach. The affair occurred at the home of Bach, who was showing his younger friends the workings of a 22-caliber revolver.

Bakers' Strike Averted

Fall River, Mass., July 1.—The Master Bakers' association last night signed an agreement with the Bakers' union which is the same as assented to by committees of both sides after a previous conference. This agreement averts a strike which had been planned for today.

Harvard Wins Championship

New York, June 30.—Harvard won the deciding ball game of the series of three between its team and that of Yale by defeating the New Haven boys on the polo grounds, 6 to 5. Yale won the first game at Cambridge and Harvard captured the second at New Haven.

Promotion Well Earned

Concord, N. H., July 2.—After 41 years of continuous service in the police department James E. Rand was sworn in as city marshal yesterday.

Donor Leaders Executed

Shanghai, July 3.—Victory Chen reports officially that the boxer rising in Szechuan province has been suppressed and that the leaders of the movement have been captured and executed. The uprising resulted in the destruction of a Methodist chapel and the killing of 10 Chinese converts.

ALLEGED ABDUCTION

Missing Boston Boy Is Located on a Farm in Maine

Boston, July 3.—Mrs. Eva L. Randall of this city was arraigned before Judge Bennett yesterday charged with having abducted William Petro, 12 years old, son of Charles Petro of South Boston. She pleaded not guilty and at the request of counsel the hearing was postponed to July 10. The alleged abduction occurred on May 4 last, when the boy left his home to go to the house of Mrs. Randall, who had long taken a great interest in him, and had expressed a desire to adopt him. She is said to be a woman of means. When questioned, she denied all knowledge of his whereabouts.

A letter was received on May 17, postmarked Canada, and addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Petro, signed "William's interested friend," saying that he had fallen into good hands and was well and happy. On June 11 Mrs. Petro received a letter bearing no date in the boy's handwriting telling how good his benefactress was to him and expressing satisfaction with his surroundings.

Bucksport, Me., July 3.—Willie Petro has been at the farm of James Bennett, the father of Mrs. Eva Randall, since early in May. He came to Bucksport from Boston alone. The Bennett place is on Verona island, about two miles below Bucksport. Mrs. Randall came to Verona a short time after the boy arrived and stayed about a week. She has not been here since. The boy seems contented here and evidently came without force.

LACK OF POLICE PROTECTION

Given Disturbance Fall Swing in Pawtucket and Neighboring Towns

Central Falls, R. I., July 3.—So persistent were the attacks on passing street cars in this city yesterday that the crews refused to operate cars and service was abandoned before 8 o'clock last night. The usual supply of stones and other missiles gathered by strikers and sympathizers was on hand during the afternoon and early evening and the passage of a car was the signal for a volley.

One employee in this city and two in Valley Falls were injured by missiles. In the latter place the attacks were frequent. Little or no police protection was afforded by the city authorities. In Pawtucket only a few minor cases of annoyance to cars were reported. The 17 special officers on duty there during the strike were yesterday discharged because of lack of funds.

By the decision of Judge Street in the district court at Pawtucket, street railway men during a strike have a right not only to protect themselves, but the passengers and the property of their employers against the violence of mobs by use of firearms.

Twenty-Five Hurt in Wreck

Reynolds, Vt., July 3.—Twenty-five persons were injured, two of whom are reported to be in a critical condition, by the derailment of an express train at a switch one mile west of White Creek, N. Y., yesterday. The train consisted of an engine, four passenger cars and a mail car and belonged to the Rutland railroad. While passing a switch a flange broke on one of the locomotive tender wheels, throwing the train from the track and totally wrecking three of the coaches. The train was running about 40 miles an hour when the accident occurred.

From Paterson to Fitchburg

Fitchburg, Mass., July 3.—The silk manufacturing firm of Cornforth & Marx of Paterson, N. J., has leased the plant of the Fitchburg Manufacturing company in West Fitchburg and will set up its machinery there without delay. Ultimately 200 persons will be employed. The payroll will be \$80,000 yearly. The firm comes here to avoid labor trouble at Paterson.

Bloodhounds to Be Employed

Beverly, Mass., July 3.—Bloodhounds were expected to have been used to find traces of the missing Wilbur Clark of Beverly, at Chelaco pond, yesterday, but the trailers did not arrive in time. The state police are still working on the case and are following up several clues which they have. The boy has been missing since June 17.

Revenue Receipts at Boston

Boston, July 3.—In the fiscal year just ended the United States collected nearly \$27,000,000 in Boston in the form of custom duties and internal revenues. Though the accounts are kept in this city, the figures represent the whole of the commonwealth, but a comparatively small amount comes from outside ports and cities.

Messenger Charged With Larceny

Boston, July 3.—The larceny of \$111 from the Earl & Prew Express company is the charge upon which Hiram S. Congdon of Attleboro, Mass., was arrested yesterday. Congdon was employed as messenger by the company and the money he is said to have retained was collected upon "O. O. D." packages.

Indicted on Murder Charge

New Haven, July 3.—Antonio Osido was indicted by the grand jury in the superior court yesterday on the charge of murder in the first degree. He is accused of stabbing Augustino Daddano to death on June 21.

Early Celebrator Badly Hurt

Amesbury, Mass., July 3.—The first serious celebration accident occurred last night when Hollis Berry, 13 years old, had his neck torn by the explosion of a toy cannon. The lad may die.

Becky Goes Free

Springfield, Mass., July 3.—John J. Healey was discharged yesterday after a hearing on a charge of manslaughter, in causing the death of Wilson Burrell in front of a saloon June 21.

Delay in Donnell Case

Roseton, June 28.—Frederick S. Donnell, who was arrested on a warrant charging him with the larceny of \$22,000 worth of bonds of the Winthrop Traction company of Oshkosh, Wis., yesterday had his case continued until July 13, because it will be necessary to bring witnesses from the west. Bail was fixed at \$10,000.

ASSAULT IN BARROOM

Boston Man's Wound to Neck & Strains Cost Him His Life

Boston, July 3.—A murderous assault, from the effects of which Michael Sullivan, 34 years old, died last evening, was committed in a Beach street saloon about 4:30 yesterday afternoon, and William Lahay, 24, is under arrest, charged with the murder. Sullivan, who had gone into the saloon to speak to the proprietor, who was a friend of his, was standing by the bar when Lahay and a companion entered the place. Walking up to the proprietor they asked him to give them a drink, but he refused to stand treat. Sullivan then started for another part of the room, when the two men followed him and asked him for the price of the drinks. He declined their request, whereupon one of the men, said to be Lahay, struck Sullivan a heavy blow, knocking him to the floor. In his fall his head struck the brass railing and he was rendered unconscious. The police were soon on the spot and Lahay was taken into custody while Sullivan was removed to the emergency hospital, where he died about 8 o'clock.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

John Paezel, a veteran shipbuilder, died at Rockport, Me., aged 84. He had built 62 vessels.

Mrs. Mary B. Green, 43, keeper of a lodging house at Boston, was found dead in the basement of her home, having committed suicide by inhaling gas. Stanislaw Tyckowski employed at a lumber camp at Newport, N. H., was drowned while working alone. His body was found in the pond by a fellow workman.

Despondent from lack of work, when only a short time ago he was a successful manufacturer, Anson Grimshaw of Somerville, Mass., aged 40, killed himself by cutting his throat with a razor.

James Gilligan, 45 years old, was taken from the water at a Boston wharf in an unconscious condition, and died before reaching a hospital.

Charles A. Nelson, a painter for the Saco & Puttee Machine company at Saco, Me., fell from a staging while whitewashing a ceiling in the foundry and received injuries from which he died.

Judge Henry K. Baker died at Lowell, Me., aged 95 years, as a result of infirmities incidental to old age. He had been in failing health for several years.

An unknown man committed suicide by jumping overboard from the deck of the steamer Richard Borden. Providence for Fall River. The affair happened near Milverside, R. I.

Several Maine educational institutions receive bequests amounting to over \$500,000 by the terms of the will of Sarah Edgcomb, late of Bath, Me., filed for probate at Boston. The residue of the estate is given to the Tuskegee colored school.

A petition in bankruptcy was filed against the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, by creditors whose claims aggregate \$5000. It is understood that this action is brought in order to determine the exact financial condition of the institution.

Albert C. White, general manager of the Providence Telephone company, died at Providence. He was 61 years old and was prominent in secret societies and in politics.

Among the passengers on the steamer New England, which arrived at Boston, was Rev. F. W. Sandford of the Holy Ghost and his society at Shiloh, Me. He has been abroad to secure converts.

John Hennessy, 70 years old, was struck by a train at Providence, receiving injuries which resulted in his death.

The Hyperion theatre, New Haven, has been leased for 10 years to Shubert Bros. of New York, lessees of several New York theatres. They will take possession May 1, 1904.

At the meeting of the Yale corporation appointment of a professor of mining engineering was made and the tender was accepted by John H. Hammond, a graduate of the Sheffield scientific school in the class of 1876.

Former State Senator John H. Hall, president of the Colt Firearms Manufacturing company, died of apoplexy at Hartford.

The staging of the Lawson tower, so called, which surmounts the water tower of Scituate, Mass., fell, and William Peterson, who was on it, fell 70 feet and was killed.

While working in a clay pit of a brick company at Barrington, R. I., Castanza Caporelli, 30 years old, was killed by a mass of clay, weighing 1500 pounds, falling upon him.

The city of Waterville, Me., began the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the incorporation of Waterville as a town with the dedication of the new city building.

James Moran, 9 years old, while wading at Bridgeport, Conn., stepped into a deep hole and was drowned in sight of a number of companions.

Congress Adjourns

Washington, July 2.—Amid a scene of enthusiasm that has not been paralleled since the exciting and stirring days of the Spanish war, Speaker Henderson at 5:20 o'clock yesterday afternoon declared the house of representatives adjourned without day. In doing so he said that no house of representatives since the adoption of the constitution had done as much work as this one.

To Explore Labrador

Roseton, July 2.—Steamer Halifax sailed from Boston yesterday with the members of the Glacier Labrador expedition party on board. This party is bound for the great peninsula of which so little is known, on a three months' tour of exploration. The party will make stops at Halifax, North Sydney and St. Johns, where the equipment for the expedition will be completed.

Resignation Withdrawn

Medford, Mass., June 30.—Rev. Isaac Pierdon, the pastor of the North Medford Congregational church, who has had a number of contentions with the societies affiliated with the church and as a consequence tendered his resignation as pastor two weeks ago, withdrew his resignation yesterday, having received a pledge from his congregation to strengthen and build up the church.

A BUSY CONGRESS

Much Accomplished During the
Last Seven Months

THE ISTHMIAN CANAL BILL

Will Bring the Appropriations Close to Billion Dollar Mark—Review of Measures Passed, Carried Over to Next Session, and Debated

Washington, June 30.—The work of congress is now practically closed, so that it is possible to sum up the record of what has been accomplished during the past seven months, which constitute the first session of the fifty-seventh congress. The session has been marked by exceptional business activity, with many questions of far-reaching general interest engaging attention. With the exception of the Cuban reciprocity bill, most of the larger subjects of general legislation have been enacted as laws, or will become such before the session closes.

Notable among these larger measures is the Isthmian canal bill, which commensurates the efforts of a half century to link together the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific. Aside from its national and international importance, this bill probably involves a larger sum of money than that covering any other single undertaking by the government outside of war expenditures. The Philippine civil government bill is another measure of far-reaching importance, extending to our remote Pacific possessions a system of internal civil government, together with coinage, currency, banking, corporation, timber and homestead laws.

Among the other important general laws enacted are those repealing the war revenue taxes; extending and making more effective the Chinese exclusion laws; establishing a tariff for goods to and from the Philippines; extending the charter of national banks for 20 years; establishing a permanent census office; restricting the sale of oleomargarine by placing a high tax on imitation butter; providing a consular and diplomatic service for Cuba; establishing an extensive system by which the government will aid in the irrigation of the arid sections of the west.

Aside from these important laws there are a number of other measures of general importance which have passed one or both houses, but have not progressed to the final stage.

The bill to establish a cable between the United States, Hawaii and the Philippines was retired by defeat in the house. Several other measures have advanced to a certain stage and have been halted without much prospect for further advancement. These include the bill for the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people; a bill relating to the immigration laws; defining the meaning of conspiracy in injunction cases; creating a department of commerce, to be presided over by a cabinet officer; the pure food bill, which, after extended hearings, was reported from the house committee on commerce, was not passed.

Among the other important measures of general legislation not heretofore named which have been finally enacted as laws, are the following:

To prevent the sale of firearms, opium and intoxicating liquors to the natives of certain of the Pacific islands; to promote the efficiency of the revenue cutter service, and to provide for the retirement of its officers; to refund the duties paid in Porto Rico on articles imported from the United States during the military occupation; appropriating \$200,000 for the relief of the volcano sufferers at Martinique; authorizing the erection of Y. M. C. A. buildings on United States military reservations; regulating the introduction of eggs of game birds for purposes of propagation; providing for the protection of game in Alaska, particularly the large game such as moose, caribou, etc.; extending an invitation to the French government to participate in the unveiling in Washington of the statue of Marshal De Rochambeau; refunding the amount of legacy tax paid by charitable, benevolent and eleemosynary institutions.

The amount of appropriations for the session will run unusually high, owing in part to the amount required to build the Isthmian canal. When Mr. Cannon submitted a general estimate of appropriations a few weeks ago, he made the total up to that time \$211,445,000. Since then the canal bill has passed, carrying a present appropriation of \$40,000,000 for the franchise and enough more for the rights of Colombia and for beginning the work to carry the total up to \$50,000,000. The entire cost of the undertaking is approximately \$184,000,000. Mr. Cannon's estimate also omitted contracts for future expenditures, aggregating a large amount. This will carry the total for the session, figuring in these future amounts, almost, if not quite, upward to the billion dollar mark.

The appropriation bills have contained little general legislation, being confined chiefly to the regular needs of the various branches of the government. There have been several investigations during the session which have attracted much attention. An investigation of conditions in the Philippines has led to the examination of many witnesses high in the conduct of civil and military affairs in the islands. Another inquiry has related to the condition of affairs in Cuba, especially as to sugar. Sensational charges made in connection with the purchase of the Danish West Indian islands led to an investigation which disclosed the groundless nature of the charges.

Congress's Postal Distinction

Concord, N. H., July 1.—It is claimed that the local post office, including city and rural carrier service, begins the new postal fiscal year today with the largest free delivery system in the country, covering nearly 700 square miles of territory. With a city population not exceeding 20,000, the office handles 10,000,000 pieces of mail a year. It is the depot for the postoffices in six of the state's 10 counties.

Newport and Fall River St. M. E. Ch.

(ILLUSTRATING EMPLOY.)

Electric Lighting. Electric Power.

Residences and Stores Furnished with
Electricity at lowest rates.

Electric Supplies. Fixtures and Shades.

449 to 455 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Free With Every Package of

Pillsbury's Oat Food

We give you a Package of
VITOS (Wheat Food.)

We have just received a fresh lot of goods from the Purina Mills.

RALSTON BREAKFAST FOOD.

RALSTON HOMINY GRITS.

PURINA PAN-CAKE FLOUR.

S. S. THOMPSON,

Postal Station No. 1. 172 TO 178 BROADWAY.

APPRECIATION —OF— BEAUTY.

The man who never wore high-class custom clothes, would perhaps not appreciate our new creations, they're too nearly perfect.

But, if you do appreciate a perfect fit, style and good workmanship, then you are in a good way to save \$5 to \$15.

We may mention, incidentally, that we don't charge for trying on or for showing them.

Newport One Price Clothing Co.,

208 THAMES STREET. 208

SCHREIER'S,

143 THAMES STREET.

The Leading Millinery House.

SPECIAL OFFERINGS IN

TRIMMED HATS and TOQUES,

Made of best materials. Great reduction to reduce our large stock. Choice Goods at low prices.

Ready to Wear Hat, Seashore Hats, Automobile Hats,

Everything in the Hat line found here. SPECIALTIES IN CHILDREN'S HATS.

FLOWERS at cut prices. CHIP, NEAPOLITAN, MEXICAN, CUBA, MANILA and TUSCAN STRAWS IN ALL SHAPES.

Large Variety Millinery Novelties.

EXAMINE OUR CAPE ANN —AND— Black Grain Boots!

GRAIN LACE SHOES.

THE T. Mumford Seabury Co.

LODGE ROOMS OR SOCIETY ROOMS

TO LET IN THE

MERCURY BUILDING, 100 Thames St.

HANDSOME LARGE HALL, well furnished for Lodging purposes with either two or three rate-rooms as may be desired.

For Rent.

Good rooms in the MERCURY BUILDING, 100 Thames St. or in the adjacent buildings. Possession given on April 1st. Enquire at the MERCURY OFFICE.

THE OLD RELIABLE

SHOE STORE,

HAS THE most up-to-date REPAIRING & RENOVATING SHOP in the city.

N. S. HOLM.

Tickets and Drafts on the Old Country For Sale.

JOHNNY COMES.

When Johnny comes the day with us,
All the things in the world
Are new and bright and gay,
And the sun is shining so bright,
And the birds are singing so sweet,
And the flowers are all in bloom,
And the children are all at school,
And the world is all at home.

When Johnny comes the day with us,
All the things in the world
Are new and bright and gay,
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And the world is all at home.

CUPID AND A PIG.

By Edward Bokwood.

WHILE the train was nearing Coey-
cot station, Shepherd read Ly-
dia's note again.

"Dear Walter," it began, "of course
we should be glad to have you at Coey-
cot during your vacation, and I sup-
pose Aunt Elizabeth can put you up.
But you will find us both completely
busy with a colony of Fresh-Air chil-
dren near by which aunt is taking
care of. It is a noble work, and Aunt
Elizabeth has interested me in it
very thoroughly, and I can think of
nothing else, and have decided to devote
my whole life to laboring among the
children of the poor, if I am worthy
of such a career. I want to tell you
this before you make up your mind to
come, so that you will understand that
I won't be able to see much of you
and so that you may expect to find me
somewhere by a serious purpose.
Yours most sincerely, Lydia Farrow."

Shepherd crumpled the paper vi-
ciously in his pocket. "Confound
that old maid!" he grumbled. "That's
the old maid's pharisee! Lydia's
husk of reading novels about hospi-
tal nurses. The children of the poor
must be taken care of—but, hang it
all, so must Lydia."

A trap was waiting at the station
to convey him to Aunt Elizabeth's
cottage, and his hostess was waiting
at her piazza to greet him. Miss
Gibbs was an elderly lady whose fig-
ure and bearing looked as much out
of place in the country as would the
portier of the Fifth Avenue hotel.
No amount of gingham and flannel
could rusticize her.

"Dear Lydia left her apologies to
you, Mr. Shepherd," said Aunt Gibbs.
"She has been forced to absent her-
self upon an important duty connect-
ed with our children's mission. May
I beg you to amuse yourself until
she returns? Thank you—so kind of
you—my clerical work leaves me little
leisure in the afternoon, and later
I have an outdoor class in botany."

Shepherd spent a quarter of an hour
in a vain attempt to read a maga-
zine, then he flung it down and start-
ed at random across the rolling and
smashing green of the fields. A shad-
owed lane tempted him for a mile or
so, but when he saw the path running
ahead of him into the hot glare of a
highway he paused uncertainly.

"Hey, Mister Shepherd!" called a fa-
miliar voice from the fence, and a
familiar head and shoulders appeared
in the adjacent thicket. Voice, head
and shoulders belonged to Cuppy, the
newsboy who was accustomed to sell
him the morning paper at his office
door in New York.

"Hello, Cuppy," said Walter in great
surprise. "Are you up here with the
other kids?"

"You bet," answered Cuppy. "The
flat is a couple of blocks down the
street. Milk an' pie an' chicken—and
sheets for ter sleep in. Dere's 20
of us. Ter-morrer we has atterelectic
sports. I'm the emper."

"Miss Gibbs is very kind to do all
this for you."

Cuppy stopped short in his progress
out of the bushes.

"Say," he demanded, "this Miss
Gibbs—are you wid her?"

"No," replied Shepherd thoughtfully.
"I'm sign her."

"That's right," said the ragged ob-
ject of Aunt Elizabeth's bounty. "The
old lady's all right if she'd only leave
us be. What fer does she come round
a-lecterizin' and puttin' us on the
sneak? I'm on the sneak now. She
pays the rent fer us, an' we takes off
our hats fer that. But," he concluded
with a darkening eye, "she runs a
night school out o' doors by daylight
and I'm on the sneak. Miss Farrow,
she's the people."

"She is all of that," said Shepherd,
feeling strangely comforted; he want-
ed to shake the boy's brown hand as
they stroked together down the high-
way. "She is all of that, for sure,"
he added.

"Gee, Miss Farrow's worked for the
glory of us till she's most down at
the bottom."

"What's that?" asked Shepherd.

"That's the—that's a—why, a
spring," faltered Lydia.

"The farmers call it the 'Lovers'
Well," explained Cuppy.

Miss Farrow blushed slightly. She
could not help it; Shepherd was look-
ing straight at her.

"Lydia," said he with stern deter-
mination, "you and I are going to
walk up there and you shall read
yourself. It is absolutely ridiculous
for you to think of promenadeing
through the sun with this beast. Cuppy
shall guard the pig. You'll take
care of that pig, won't you, Cuppy?"

"Yep," agreed that eager youth.
"Come on, Bill."

Shepherd picked up the green um-
brella and closed it with a snap.

"But—Aunt Elizabeth, the girl de-
murred. 'She will be angry. She will
say I'm not fit for Rivington Street.'
I advise you not to introduce those
subjects at this moment," said Wal-
ter, pulling her hand within the crush
of his elbow in an old-fashioned but
an extremely comfortable way. "Here
is the path. Goodby, Cuppy."

Cuppy, however, was already in-
visible in a rapidly moving cloud of
dust, from which the indignant
sneak of the pig drifted back indistinctly
to the Lovers' Well.

Lydia laid her hat on the bench,
and a bashful breeze played with her
hair. Shepherd brought her some
icy spring water in a pocket drinking
cup. They elaborately discussed the
mechanism of the cup, and then, after
a pause, they talked on other things.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to specify
the topics; Aunt Elizabeth and Riv-
ington Street did not figure impor-
tantly among them.

"Let us go back across country,"
suggested Walter, when it was time.
"Very well," said Miss Farrow. "I
think we can find a way along the
road. It will be better than the
break."

The way along the break afforded the
road in every particular. It led
them through thick woods where in
the half light they seemed to be quite
alone in the world. But on a ridge
which skirted a cleared hollow Shep-
herd was reminded to the contrary.

"Look," he whispered, grasping
Lydia's arm. This was no effort, be-
cause she was close beside him.

"It's the botany class," she an-
swered, and they both peered down
through the interlocking leaves.

Miss Gibbs, beneath an inconspicuous
sambonet, towered in the center of
a circle of awed and perspiring arch-
bishops. A swamp fly, evidently the
subject of her discourse, nodded de-
jectedly in her uplifted hand. The
botany class did not appear to be in-
terested.

"Let's run," said Shepherd.

"Wait," said Miss Farrow. "Don't
you hear something coming? Oh,
what is it? Oh, what in the world
is it?"

On the other side of the clearing
where the class was in session the
bushes were away and crackling as
if a miniature cyclone were careen-
ing through them. Aunt Elizabeth's
scholar dispersed and dashed ex-
pectantly toward the disturber of
scholastic quiet; Miss Gibbs herself
remained rigid. Not, however, for
long.

"Sho, sho, sho!" cried Aunt Eliza-
beth, waving the lily at a maddened
pig, who came for her at a gallop as
near to a gallop as pigs achieve.

"Sho, sho!"

"Hill!" screamed Cuppy.

"Hey!" howled the botany stu-
dents, and performed a war dance.

The pig flew between Aunt Eliza-
beth's feet and there fell prone, pant-
ing in extremis, and the lady sat in-
voluntarily at his side. She was
speechless when Shepherd assisted
her to rise. In the meantime Cuppy
and his cohorts had manacled the pig
ruthlessly.

"Lydia Farrow," gasped Miss Gibbs,
"what does this mean? Are you in-
sane? Are you trying to insult me?"

"Please, ma'am," began Cuppy.

"Silence! Lydia, did you order this
outrage?"

"Stand by the boy, anyhow," mur-
mured Shepherd in Miss Farrow's ear.

"Aunt, it was all an accident, and
I'm to blame," exclaimed Lydia. "It
was not Cuppy's fault, really it
wasn't."

"I've endured your incompetence
long enough," answered Aunt Eliza-
beth, leading, somewhat stiffly, the
return march to the farm-house. "I
do not see how I can recommend you
to dear Miss Stein."

"Who is dear Miss Stein?" asked
Shepherd.

"She's the head worker at Rivin-
gton Street," said the aunt.

"Oh," said Shepherd. "Then it's
all very easy," and he smiled at Miss
Farrow cheerfully.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean Miss Gibbs, that Lydia
and I."

"Never mind now," put in the girl,
reddening. "Aunt Elizabeth, Walter
is anxious to give you lots of money
for the Fresh Air farm."

"That is good of him."

"Yes, Miss Gibbs, I think I am
bound to."

"Well, I don't see why, although we
shall be glad enough to have it,"
said Aunt Elizabeth, and she turned
to regard her charges, struggling
along behind and bearing the pig
aloft, like a sacrificial victim.

"Shall I tell you why I think I am
bound to?" proposed Shepherd. "You
see, Lydia and I—"

"I do wish you would wait," Lydia
interrupted. "Look at Cuppy. I
wonder where he got that name."

"It is a contraction for 'Cupid,'" said
Shepherd, solemnly.

"Cupid!" sniffed Miss Gibbs. "Ca-
pid!" N. Y. Independent.

No Advertising in It.

The caller explained his mission.
"It's a worthy cause," he said.

"It is, indeed," admitted the up-to-
date merchant. "You may put our
firm down for \$500."

"Good," exclaimed the caller. "It's
to be done very quietly and unnoted-
ly, of course. The money will be
given in a lump sum from a few
friends' without any names what-
ever."

"No one will know who gives?"
asked the merchant.

"No one," answered the caller.

"No list published?"

"None."

"Cross the name of our firm off."—
Chicago Post.

That Was Different.

"My child, I have already forbidden
you to answer strange gentlemen.
What did he say to you?"

"He asked me if that beautiful
young lady was my mother."

"Indeed! And what did you an-
swer?"

"Nothing—I ran away."

"Why, how impudent not to answer
when a pleasant young gentleman
asks you a question!"—Lustige Welt.

Journeys of Skylarks.

The English skylark has inspired
several of the most beautiful poems
in our language, and its migrations
are of a character which it would
seem, might appeal to English poets
only less effectively than its song
does. In violation of the general rule
that birds move southward in the au-
tumn, immense numbers of skylarks,
which have summered in Central Eu-
rope, arrive in England in September
and October, to pass the winter in
the British Isles. In October an en-
tirely distinct immigration of sky-
larks enters Great Britain from Scan-
dinavia, while all through the au-
tumn British-bred skylarks emigrate
southward, many of them going to
the continent for the winter. Yet
others remain in England all the
year round.—Youth's Companion.

A Great War.

Old Sears—What did Tarantula
Jim shoot Polecat Pete's left ear off
for?

"Alkali Ike—Aw, just for a joke, I
reckon.—Judge."

PALESTINE IS WAKING UP.

Signs of Commercial Progress. Re-
sults of the German Colonization
and the Turkish Empire.

Mr. Harris, United States consul
agent at Elberstadt, Palestine, says
that in the last few years there has
been quite a waking up in the matter
of progress. "German colonists, mer-
chants and horticulturists," says Mr.
Harris, according to a Washington re-
port, "are awakening that part of the
Levant from a lethargy of a thousand
years. Three years ago a German
bank was established in Jerusalem,
with a branch in Yafa, which ex-
changed \$15,000,000 in 1901. The wa-
ters of the Dead sea, where no rudder
has been seen for centuries, are now
being pilied by German motor boats.
A direct line of communication has
thus been opened up between Jeru-
salem and Kerak, the ancient capital of
the land of Moab, which still com-
mands the caravan routes leading
across the Arabian desert. There is
no doubt that German enterprise will
also exploit the phosphate fields situ-
ated on both sides of the Jordan when
transportation facilities shall have
been sufficiently developed to insure
success to the undertaking."

"For many years Germany has been
looking to Asia Minor and other coun-
tries adjacent to Palestine as suitable
territories in which to develop German
markets. The Bagdad railroad, which
will lead through Anatolia, intersect-
ing the headquarters of the Tigris and
Euphrates to the shores of the Per-
sian gulf, is an enterprise of vast im-
portance, not only to Germany, as the
promoter, and the Turkish empire, but
to the world at large. It is the great-
est commercial and civilizing factor
that could be introduced into this re-
gion, and will tap the rich territories
which composed ancient Mesopotamia.

"Apart from new avenues of com-
merce, a land will be opened up to stu-
dents and tourists which, owing to ex-
pense and unsafe methods of travel,
has thus far been practically inacces-
sible."

"The great plain of the Hauran—the
granary of Syria—forms the 'hinter-
land,' or back country, of Palestine.
The railroad from Beyroot to Damas-
cus is said to be in financial difficulties.
Twelve months ago the German consul
at Damascus, in a report to his govern-
ment, advised his countrymen to buy
not only this railroad, but the unfin-
ished Haifa-Damascus railroad as well.
Were Germany to acquire these lines
and connect them with a railroad run-
ning from Damascus to some point on
the projected Bagdad route she would
be in a position to practically monopoli-
ze the trade of Palestine and Asia
Minor."

"The commerce of Palestine to-day
is not unimportant. The products of
the country are wheat, barley, or-
anges, oil, wine, nuts, figs, apples,
peaches, pears, pomegranates, apricots,
citrons, almonds, cucumbers, and let-
tuce, onions, wild artichokes and as-
paragus, truffles, tobacco, sesame and
silk, while potatoes and other Euro-
pean and American vegetables are be-
ing introduced by German and French
colonists."

LADYBUGS ARE SHIELDED.

The Small Insect Is Regarded as a
Public Benefactor by the
Government.

It has cost the United States govern-
ment several thousand dollars to im-
port the ladybug into this country. A
pair of these insects have been landed
at San Francisco from which it is
hoped to propagate millions of them,
says a reporter from that city.

Ladybugs at \$2.25 a head makes the
importation come high, but Uncle
Sam felt that he had to have them in
his business.

Sickly and peevish, physically imper-
verished by their long journey from the
interior of China, the ladybugs seemed
on the point of death. They were only
pulled through after a course of most
improved nursing by the government.

Many times word went forth from
the hospital that the end had come—
that Mr. and Mrs. Ladybug had suc-
cumbed to the unfavorable climatic
conditions of the season—the rumor
only to be officially denied in the next
bulletin from headquarters.

The smallest of the adopted, invol-
untary wards of one of the biggest na-
tions of earth, their lives have been
saved after a desperate struggle with
lousebugaxis—a terrible malady pec-
uliar to the oriental ladybug.

These two bugs which Uncle Sam is
taking such great care of and nursing
with all the skill at the command of
the agricultural department were
brought to this country from the in-
terior of China by Assistant Botanist
Marlatt, who traveled about 40,000
miles to capture them.

Mr. Marlatt picked up a whole col-
ony of the tiny insects in China, housed
them carefully and finally landed in
San Francisco with but four of his
charges alive. Later two of these died
and those spared were guarded with
care such as a mother might bestow
upon a sickly infant.

It was the fearful ravages made by
the famous San Jose "scale" upon all
forms of vegetation in that California
valley of fruit and roses that led the
United States into the business. Bot-
anical experts delved, studied and
dug, and when about to give up hope
of finding a remedy for the pest came
across the Chinese ladybug, which
loved nothing better than scale to eat
and has an appetite for that sort of
food which cannot be appeased.

Fifty little ladybugs have just been
born, and with the solicitude of a fa-
ther caring for a growing family Uncle
Sam is trying to bring up the brood
in the way it should go. Scales are be-
ing gathered in great quantities and
fed to the insect wards of a paternal
government while the heads of the
family recoup their health.

A Poisonous Toxic.

The consciousness of a feeling of
good will and love toward others is
the most powerful and most healthful
tonic in the world. It is a wonderful
stimulant for it enlarges, sustains,
and scatters envy and jealousy.—Sun-
com.

Steamship News.

"A friend of mine brought two young
pigs, about three months old, and
they were carried home in a box in a
covered van. They managed to es-
cape from their new quarters, took a
hike back to their place of birth, and
swam across a swift river fully
50 yards wide, on their way home. In
due course they were returned to the
man who had bought them, and within
a week they were back again to their
original homestead. We hear a great
deal about the homing instincts of the
pigeon and the dog, but no one appar-
ently has a good word to say for the
gentleman who used to pay the rent."

Submarine Pig Migration.

At Egg Rock, Lynn, England, a ball
was hung 50 feet below a buoy, and
the ball was struck by electricity from the
Egg Rock light station power house.
A person on a ship bears the signal
by placing a rod in contact with the
ball of the ship, and the first experi-
ments show that the signals can thus
be heard at a distance of five miles or
more.—N. Y. Sun.

Fall River Line.

For New York, the South and West.

Steamer PERCIVAL and FURNACE weekdays:
New York to Providence. A fine orche-
stra on each.

LEAVE NEWPORT—Week days 8:15 p.
m.; Sundays 9:00 p. m. Returning from New
York to Providence, leave New York 7:30
p. m.; 7:45 p. m.; 8:00 p. m.; 8:15 p. m.;
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Literary Notes.

The World's Work.
Perhaps the most striking article in "The World's Work for July is Commander "Dick" Wright's story of the *Man of War*, an account of which is so interesting. The picture with which Miss Frances R. Johnson has illustrated the famous vessel is as good as a scene from "The World's Work" has ever published. Donald Mauny, the well-known inventor, tells, with illustrations, the vividly interesting story of the great cable systems of the world—how they draw together the various nationalities and countries with a hand of wire. Timely articles that add to an unusually full series of editorials are those on *Marlinique*, *The Real Issue of the Coal Strike*, and a fair presentation of the *Philippine problem* from President Roosevelt's Memorial Day address. *Remember Me* is a famous opposition speech, and a clear statement of conditions in the islands by James A. LeRoy who has just returned to America. The financial article this month in the important series "The World's Work" is publishing on the methods by which financial panics are now prevented in Wall Street. The rest of the magazine is filled with concise, clearly written articles on specific subjects, many of them illustrated, including the story of the *Amazons* of two boys of caudal ancestry, by S. P. Verrier, who brought them to this country; the *New English method of lifting up sailors*, by Dr. W. H. Tolman; *The White House as a Place of Business*—the routine of the President's labors, by Wallace Fawcett; *A Giant Farm in the Middle West*—a farm as big as a Connecticut County, by C. H. Matson; and a description of the picturesque country along the Northwest border, by Bailey Willis of the Geological Survey. Full-page portraits illustrate Dr. H. Morse Stephens' article on *Living American Historians*, and there are short articles on *The Ministry as a Profession* by Rev. D. M. Steele; *The Revival of the Handicrafts*, by Charles Barnard; and *The Art of Praising Living Men*, by George Perry Morris. The *March of Events* is longer than usual, and among the *World's Workers* shorter, but both are interesting.

Country Life in America.

The July Country Life in America is a vacation number with suggestions for many things to do and to see in midsummer. Articles on dogs and homes, summer homes, garden making, camping, and varied topics of the outdoor world in July, form a superbly illustrated number, as usual, of this large magazine. "Wynndhurst," a picturesque summer home in the Berkshire Hills, is the country estate feature this month, and "Japanese Gardens in America" shows how the quaint and weird fantasies and the vegetation of the Japanese can be naturally adapted to small areas of landscape gardening; while the *Home Making* article this month deals with architectural details as illustrated by "Doorways of Old Salem," showing the possibilities at small cost. Among the leading articles, "A Plea for the Pony" considers the desirability of the various sorts; "The Beagle" is a comprehensive article on this little hunting-dog, including a series of remarkable photographs of the park in action; and *Nellie Blanchard*, in "The Life of the Ruby-Throated," tells how our little humming bird flies near the Equator to as far north as the Arctic circle, every summer, in search of flowers. "Vacation Days" is a calendar of the occupations, sports and nature study of the month, and other articles give "Some Hints for the Amateur Camper," directions for playing the game of "Hare and the Hound" across-country, homeback, on a paper trail; facts about polo ponies, and helpful advice about many subjects. "Midsummer Fruit" deals thoroughly with the growing of blackberries, dewberries and other varieties, in which John Burroughs tells how raspberries are successfully grown. The number is timely throughout and is a remarkable issue of a magazine which is both very useful and very beautiful.

The Anti-Mason Party.

The announcement by Senator William E. Mason, of Illinois, that he aspires to the presidency and that he will try to get himself nominated for that office recalls the almost forgotten fact that once he had in this country a political party of anti-Masons. This anti-Mason party had a ticket in the field at the presidential election of 1832, William Wirt, of Maryland, being its candidate for president, and Amos Ellmaker, of Pennsylvania, its candidate for vice-president. This ticket of the anti-Masons carried one state, Vermont, thus getting seven electoral votes. We predict that Senator Mason will never get so many electoral votes for president as this ticket of the anti-Mason got seventy years ago.

Steady.

Mrs. Mildly. Mrs. McFadden, your neighbor, Patrick O'Donnell, has applied to our society for work: Is he a steady man?
Mrs. McFadden. Steady? Whist, ma'am! If he was any steadier he'd be dead.—Tit-Bits.

Perhaps It Was.

Mrs. Richmond. What lovely antique furniture!
Mrs. Bronxborough. Yes, and, do you know, we got it almost as cheap as if it had been new.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Professional Jealousy.

The Comedian—I thought you and Miss Pomeroy were married this week. Is it postponed?
The Heavy—Gad, sir! She actually wants her name to appear before mine in the wedding announcement.—Exchange.

Goed Anyhow.

Bacon—A man can't take any money with him when he dies.
Egbert—Oh, I don't know. I had a friend who owed me \$10 die last week. I guess he's taken that with him all right.—Youkers Statesman.

CASTORIA.

"I suppose," she said to the owner of the Blue Streak, "that you had a fine time on Decoration Day?"
"Yes," he answered, "I ran over three volumes and a baby."—Chicago Record.

For the Rich Only.

Uncle and Aunt Matilda went to town to buy a new clock. "Now," said the dealer, "here is something very attractive in the way of a clock. When the hour begins, a bird comes out of the top and sings 'Cheerful' for minutes, I turn this hand to 2 o'clock, and the bird comes out and sings 'Cheerful' three times."
"Don't that beat all?" cried Uncle Matilda, enthusiastically. "Mother, let's have one."
"No, no!" said his wife hastily. "That sort of a clock might do for folks that have got lots of time, but it'd take me half the forenoon every day to take care of that bird."—Youth's Companion.

Her Level Head.

"Of course," he said in an offhand way, "it goes without saying that a beautiful girl like you must have had many offers of marriage."
She blushed prettily, and her eyes seemed to say "Of course," but she did not answer otherwise.
"And, of course," he went on, "I wouldn't think of asking who any of the men were or anything about them, but I am interested in knowing how they do it."
"Look here," she said. "Are you trying to get hints how to propose to me or to some other girl?"
"Thus it was that she pinned him down, as it were, and brought him to the point."

Appalled.

Doctor. I am slightly in doubt as to whether yours is a constitutional disease or not.
Patient. For heaven's sake, doctor, have I got to go to the expense of appealing to the United States supreme court to find out whether it is or not?—Richmond Dispatch.

Thrillless.

Poor Woman. Ah, your ladyship, the very serious illness of my husband has consumed our little all, and we are penniless!
Lady. Dear, dear! How could your husband be so thrillless as to get ill so much beyond his means?—London Tit-Bits.

All Kinds of Tea.

The Showman—Oh, yes! we have all kinds of tea. Which do you want black or green?
Mrs. Jumpup—I'll have some of the pink, if you please. I understand that is quite the thing in society at present.—Boston Transcript.

How He was Caught.

She—Why, I've baited a hook lots of times—caught things, too.
He—You had some trouble landing me!
She—Nonsense! You jumped for the bait before it touched the water.—Life.

Give Them a Start.

Boreas. Now, what would you do if you were in my shoes, Miss Cutting?
Miss Cutting. I'd point the toes toward the front door and give them a start.—Chicago News.

Considerate.

Aged Criminal (who has just got a life sentence). Oh, me lud, I shall never live to do it!
Judge (sweetly). Never mind. Do as much of it as you can!—Punch.

Two young ladies on the promenade of a seaside resort had been watching the vessels pass through a telescope lent them by an old salt.
On banding the glass back, one of the ladies remarked that it was a very good one.
"Yes, miss," said the ancient mariner, "that 'ere telescope was given me by Lord Nelson."
"Good gracious! Why, Nelson has been dead nearly a hundred years!"
"Well, I'm blowed," replied the salty one, quite unabashed, "low the time do fly."—Milwaukee News.

Take Example.

Customer (at a restaurant). Can I see the proprietor?
Waiter. Very sorry, sir, but he's just stepped out to lunch.—Judge.

Absurdly So.

"The groom seemed to be rather shy."
"He was—just about \$5."—New York Times.

Broke.

Beggar. Please help a poor cripple.
Mrs. Pegg (giving him money). Poor fellow! Where are you crippled?
"In my finances. Good day."—Boston Globe.

"I am afraid that young Featherley who calls on you so often, is a fast young man," said a father to his daughter.
"Oh, no, he isn't, father," replied the little brother, who was present.
"What do you know about Mr. Featherley?" demanded the old man.
"I only know," the little man replied, "that I heard him ask sister for a kiss last night, and she told him he could have one if he would be quick about it; but it was the slowest kiss I ever saw."—Stray Stories.

Professor Blinkers. I hope you did not find my lectures too technical, Miss Baynes?
Miss Baynes (with pride). Oh, no, Professor. I was able to follow it all.
Professor Blinkers. I am glad of that, as I tried to make it intelligible to the meanest comprehension.—Punch.

Ma. Willie, what's your little brother crying for?
Willie. Aw! just because he don't want to learn anything. I just took his candy and showed him how to eat it.—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Tuttle. Did you ever employ colored help at your house, Mrs. Silson?
Mrs. Silson. We employed a green Irish girl once.—Boston Transcript.

"Oh, de circus waz great, Jimmy!"
"Was it?"
"Fine! Say, it wuz as good as de pictures."—Judge.

Steps the Cough and works off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Ritchie*

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Illustrated Her Meaning.

A Western lawyer was conversing with a young woman who had a very brightly colored dress. She had just said that she had seen the defendant "in" a book at the plaintiff's.
The lawyer asked on the word.
"Say," she asked. "What do you mean by that? Will you explain to the court what the word 'in' means?"
The girl looked over the book beneath the witness box, picked up a law book and threw it so accurately and so forcibly at the lawyer that he had hard work to dodge it.
"I think the court now understands the meaning of the word 'in,'" said the judge gravely. The girl was allowed to finish her testimony.—Los Angeles Herald.

Just That Kind of Rheumatism.

Miss Mobile. Well, Martha, how is your husband now?
Martha. Polly, miss, polly. He's got that excruciating rheumatism.
Miss Mobile. You mean inflammatory rheumatism, Martha. Excruciating is to cry out.
Martha (with solemn conviction). That's it, mum, that's it! He don't do nothing but boller.—Boston Christian Register.

No More "Bornin'."

A little boy in a Yorkshire Sunday school was asked if he did not want to be born again. "Born again!" he exclaimed. "Now, I would not." "You wouldn't?" said the teacher, sadly. "Why not?" "Cause I might be a girl," was the naive reply.—New York Press.

Swift.

Mr. Fijit. Here comes an automobile!
Mrs. Fijit. Horrors! Where?
Mr. Fijit. Oh, don't be frightened. It's five miles ahead of us now.—Ohio State Journal.

Avoiding Trouble.

"What are you doing?" asked the justice as the lawyer began.
"Going to prevent our side of the case."
"I don't want to hear both sides argued. It has a tendency to confuse the court."—Life.

Laundry Troubles.

Mrs. MacCall. So you've discharged your old washwoman.
Mrs. Bull. Yes, indeed. You see, so many pieces come home from the wash mangle every week.—Philadelphia Press.

A Woman's Club.

"The difference between my husband's club and mine," said the pretty woman in the turquoise colored toque looking at her watch, "is that mine lasts from two until six, and his lasts from six until two."—Life.

Where He Hid.

Mrs. Yeast. Did you say your husband was cool when he heard burglars in the house?
Mrs. Crimmonbeak. Well, he ought to have been; he was hiding in the icebox.—Youkers Statesman.

Honest.

"Is he honest?"
"Honest? Why, say, I don't believe that man would cheat an Indian out of his reservation if he had the chance."—Chicago Post.

Girls up to Date.

When we see a girl of ten crying these days, we don't know if we should give her a new doll to comfort her or tell her that no man's love is really worth crying for.—Athenian Globe.

Consistent Opposition.

Uglicus. That new hat of yours looks like a real Panama.
Meadicus. Panama nothing! It's a Nicaragua.—Chicago Tribune.

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Waiter. Very sorry, sir, but he's just stepped out to lunch.—Judge.

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Bits of Information.

A Lyon gun recently made a shot in thirteen minutes.
The oldest general in the French Army has died, at the age of ninety-five.
It is said that a full-grown bee can draw twenty times its own weight. It can fly about five miles an hour, and it will work its food at a distance of four miles.
Scott is said to have written "Waverley" in less than six weeks. He wrote very rapidly, seldom revised, and says consequently his novels are full of blunders, inaccuracies and anachronisms.
Barnes committed his poems to memory as he composed them, and when he sat down to write he had before him no labor of composition, but only the task of writing down what he had already finished.
Milan has a curiosity in a clock which is made entirely of bread. The maker is a native of India and has devoted three years of his life to the construction of this curiosity. The clock is of good size and goes well.
A French explorer has discovered on the west coast of Africa what he regards as the noblest people on earth. They are the Paboules, a warlike tribe, whose main employment is personal adornment, chiefly by means of tattooing. Great ingenuity is also exhibited in dressing the hair, which is arranged in astonishingly elaborate fashion.

New Potatoes.

Ephraim was showing his cousin from the city around the farm.
"Here," said he, "is all father's potatoes. We didn't begin until new potatoes yet. We got down ten acres in potatoes this year."
"Those—potatoes?" asked Cholly, putting up his eyeglasses. "Aw—no potatoes on the bushes yet, eh?"
"Potatoes don't grow on bushes," replied Ephraim contemptuously. "We dig 'em out of the ground."
"Ground, eh?" remarked Cholly again, looking puzzled. "New style perhaps. Aw"—with a bright idea—"perhaps new potatoes?"

It was in the far south.
"How's times?" asked the tourist.
"Pretty tolerable, stranger," responded the old man, who was sitting on a stump. "I had some trees to cut down, but the cyclops leveled them and saved me the trouble."
"That was good."
"Yes; and then the lightning set fire to the brush pile and saved me the trouble of burning it."
"Remarkable. But what are you doing now?"
"Waiting for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground."

The Beef Question.

Mr. Newed (soliloquizing). And how do you get along with the butcher, my love?
Mrs. Newed. Oh, splendidly. He is such a generous man, Mortimer. When I order a four-pound joint he always sends one weighing six or seven.—Tit-Bits.

Under the Bed.

Mrs. A. So you say there was a man under your bed the other night. Was he a burglar?
Mrs. Z. No; he was my husband. We heard a noise below, and while I went down to investigate he crawled under the bed.—Chicago News.

A Toast.

Here's to him of cheery mood!
He makes the world his debtor
Who sees that life is very good
Nor tries to make it better.
—Life.

Very True.

Money makes the mare go.
But almost any jockey
Has had experience to know
That often mares are balky.
—Detroit Free Press.

Quite a Gusher.

Friend. Then your oil is really gushing?
Promoter. Say, it's gushing like a prospectus!—Puck.

The Most Mendacious Pastime.

They tell us how George Washington made truth his constant mission. He must have missed a lot of fun by never "going" fishin'.
—Washington Star.

"Just think, Johnny," said his admirer, "you've got a chance to be President of the United States some day! Pa said all boys had."
"No, I ain't," replied Johnny, gloomily. "Me big brudder's President of the Ashmen's Association now, and dey don't allow two Presidents in one family."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Ping. Were you in Rome while abroad?
Pong. Sure thing.
Ping. Did you do as the Romans do while there?
Pong—Not on your life. I took my bath ever morning regular.—Chicago News.

Bobby's Father. It's going to rain cats and dogs.
Bobby. O, papa, may I keep a little bulldog if any of that kind fall. Detroit Free Press.

It takes both time and patience to straighten out a knot or a snarl in our thread, and the same is true of the little vexations and misunderstandings that come in our every-day life.
If we cannot find love and beauty and chances for helpfulness at home, we shall have to travel far before we do find them.
The pleasure that is given up for the sake of another often comes back to us in a more desirable form.
Our lot may be commonplace, yet in it our life may be heroic.
We must give up our chains before we can take up Christ's cross.
One woman's hate may work eternal waste.

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New Potatoes.

Ephraim was showing his cousin from the city around the farm.
"Here," said he, "is all father's potatoes. We didn't begin until new potatoes yet. We got down ten acres in potatoes this year."
"Those—potatoes?" asked Cholly, putting up his eyeglasses. "Aw—no potatoes on the bushes yet, eh?"
"Potatoes don't grow on bushes," replied Ephraim contemptuously. "We dig 'em out of the ground."
"Ground, eh?" remarked Cholly again, looking puzzled. "New style perhaps. Aw"—with a bright idea—"perhaps new potatoes?"

It was in the far south.
"How's times?" asked the tourist.
"Pretty tolerable, stranger," responded the old man, who was sitting on a stump. "I had some trees to cut down, but the cyclops leveled them and saved me the trouble."
"That was good."
"Yes; and then the lightning set fire to the brush pile and saved me the trouble of burning it."
"Remarkable. But what are you doing now?"
"Waiting for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground."

The Beef Question.

Mr. Newed (soliloquizing). And how do you get along with the butcher, my love?
Mrs. Newed. Oh, splendidly. He is such a generous man, Mortimer. When I order a four-pound joint he always sends one weighing six or seven.—Tit-Bits.

Under the Bed.

Mrs. A. So you say there was a man under your bed the other night. Was he a burglar?
Mrs. Z. No; he was my husband. We heard a noise below, and while I went down to investigate he crawled under the bed.—Chicago News.

A Toast.

Here's to him of cheery mood!
He makes the world his debtor
Who sees that life is very good
Nor tries to make it better.
—Life.

Very True.

Money makes the mare go.
But almost any jockey
Has had experience to know
That often mares are balky.
—Detroit Free Press.

Quite a Gusher.

Friend. Then your oil is really gushing?
Promoter. Say, it's gushing like a prospectus!—Puck.

The Most Mendacious Pastime.

They tell us how George Washington made truth his constant mission. He must have missed a lot of fun by never "going" fishin'.
—Washington Star.

"Just think, Johnny," said his admirer, "you've got a chance to be President of the United States some day! Pa said all boys had."
"No, I ain't," replied Johnny, gloomily. "Me big brudder's President of the Ashmen's Association now, and dey don't allow two Presidents in one family."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Ping. Were you in Rome while abroad?
Pong. Sure thing.
Ping. Did you do as the Romans do while there?
Pong—Not on your life. I took my bath ever morning regular.—Chicago News.

Bobby's Father. It's going to rain cats and dogs.
Bobby. O, papa, may I keep a little bulldog if any of that kind fall. Detroit Free Press.

It takes both time and patience to straighten out a knot or a snarl in our thread, and the same is true of the little vexations and misunderstandings that come in our every-day life.
If we cannot find love and beauty and chances for helpfulness at home, we shall have to travel far before we do find them.
The pleasure that is given up for the sake of another often comes back to us in a more desirable form.
Our lot may be commonplace, yet in it our life may be heroic.
We must give up our chains before we can take up Christ's cross.
One woman's hate may work eternal waste.

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